DC

259

LOONEY TUNES

AGES 8+

LOONEY TUNES™

CAN I INTEREST YOU IN SOME *INSTANT MARTIANS!*

WALTER CARZON
HORACIO OTTOLINI
& SIL BRYS

YES, I KNOW, K-9. IT IS A PITY TO DESTROY THE EARTH. BUT WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE?

IT WOULD BE SUCH A ***WASTE*** TO HAVE THIS SHINY NEW ***COSMIC OBLITERATOR*** AND ***NOT*** BLOW UP A PLANET.

READY NOW? ONE... TWO...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

NOW WHO COULD *THAT* BE?

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I'M ***DAFFY DUCK,*** AND THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY!

GOOD EVENING, SIR OR MADAM!

WHAT--?

WHY, YOU MAY ASK? BECAUSE I REPRESENT THE ***ACME CORPORATION,*** SELLING A FABULOUS SELECTION OF ITEMS TO BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY AND FILL MY WALLET!

SELL PHONY

WRITER SHOLLY FISCH PENCILS WALTER CARZON
INKS HORACIO OTTOLINI COLORS SILVANA BRYS
LETTERS GABRIELA DOWNIE
COVER CARZON & OTTOLINI WITH BRYS
EDITOR COURTNEY JORDAN

I'M AFRAID I'M NOT INTERESTED IN PURCHASING ANYTHING.

I DO MOST OF MY SHOPPING *ONLINE.*

DON'T BE SILLY! WHY WOULD YOU STAND *ON A LINE* WHEN ACME BRINGS HIGH PRICES, CONSUMER FRAUD, AND DISAPPOINTMENT RIGHT TO YOUR *DOOR?*

NO.

LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN SET YOU UP WITH TODAY. *SLIGHTLY USED COCKATOO?*

REALLY, I DON'T NEED--

FREEZE-DRIED PANTS?

OH, DON'T WORRY. I'VE GOT HUNDREDS OF ITEMS IN HERE TO CHOOSE FROM!

BUT I DON'T HAVE TIME--

SOLAR-POWERED *LIMBURGER CHEESE?*

IF YOU WON'T LEAVE PEACEFULLY... *SIC 'IM, K-9!*

AH, YOU HAVE A *PET!*

WHY DIDN'T YOU *SAY SO?* ACME CARRIES A COMPLETE LINE OF PRODUCTS FOR *PET GROOMING!*

STEP RIGHT THIS WAY WHILE I DEMONSTRATE.

BZZT!

ALL IT TAKES IS A LITTLE OF *THIS...*

SNIP

SNIP

SNIP

...AND A TOUCH OF THAT...

SPROING!

...ANNND... *VOILÀ!*

SEE? THAT'S WHAT *I* CALL *PET GROOMING!*

I EVEN THREW IN THE *BRIDE* AT NO ADDITIONAL COST.

NOW, YOU *STOP* THAT!

BUT YOU MAKE SUCH A LOVELY COUPLE...

WELL, NEVER MIND. THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING* YOU NEED. HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR *EGG POLISHERS?*

DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO GET RID OF *PESKY SALESMEN?*

WHY, CERTAINLY! HOW ABOUT THIS *ACME POCKET DISINTEGRATOR?*

"POCKET DISINTEGRATOR"? DOES IT WORK?

I'LL SAY! IT *DISINTEGRATED MY POCKET* LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS!

PERHAPS WE SHOULD GIVE IT A *TRY,* HMMM?

ZZAAAPP!

DOES ANYONE ELSE FEEL A *DRAFT?*

SO, WILL THAT BE CASH OR CHARGE?

I CAN'T BUY *THIS!* IT'S *DEFECTIVE!*

IT DISINTEGRATED YOUR *BODY,* BUT NOT YOUR *BILL.*

NATURALLY! YOU SHOULD KNOW--

--YOU CAN GET RID OF A *SALESMAN* BUT NEVER THE *BILL!*

ENOUGH OF THIS FIDDLE-FADDLE! I MUST GET BACK TO MY COSMIC OBLITERATOR!

THE EARTH WON'T DESTROY ITSELF, YOU KNOW.

OH, THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TIME FOR HOBBIES LATER. RIGHT NOW, YOU HAVE SOME IMPORTANT BUYING TO DO!

WH--

YOU'RE--

HOW?

OH, I LEARNED TO CARRY THE ACME POCKET REINTEGRATOR AFTER MY FIRST SEVEN SALES CALLS.

I MUST WARN YOU, ALL THIS TOMFOOLERY IS CAUSING ME TO BECOME RATHER TESTY!

IF YOU DON'T EXIT MY SHIP IMMEDIATELY, I SHALL BE FORCED TO RESORT TO STRONGER MEASURES!

INSTANT ALIEN ARMY

JUST ADD WATER

NOW WHERE DID I PUT THAT WATER?

IS THAT ALL? I HAVE JUST THE THING!

INSTANT WATER!

INSTANT WATER JUST ADD ALIENS

I'LL BUY IT!

AH, ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER. ALLOW ME...

NO! YOU MUSTN'T!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BUSTER! MAYBE I HAVEN'T MENTIONED OUR *"NO MONEY BACK" RETURN POLICY...*

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THERE ARE *9,637* INSTANT ALIENS IN THAT CANISTER--

--AND THIS SHIP IS ONLY BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD *SIX!*

THERE WILL BE *=URRK=* NO ROOM...AND NO ESCAPE!

PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO BUY A *CAN OPENER?*

WELL, I SUPPOSE THINGS COULD BE WORSE.
AT LEAST NONE OF MY ALIENS IS PRESSING AGAINST THE *TRIGGER* OF MY *COSMIC OBLITERATOR.*

CLICK
OH NO.

RUMBLE RUMBLE

BA-BOOOM!

HAVE I MENTIONED OUR SPECIAL *BUY-ONE-GET-ONE* OFFER?

YOU MEAN IF I BUY SOMETHING, I GET *ANOTHER* ONE FREE?

NO, IF YOU BUY SOMETHING, YOU GET THE ONE YOU *BOUGHT.*

OTHERWISE, IT'D BE A BUY-ONE-GET-*TWO* OFFER.

I'LL JUST FILL OUT YOUR SALES SLIP, AND YOU CAN START FORKING OVER THE CASH!

"CASH"?! YOU'VE *RUINED* MY SHIP, MY ARMY OF ALIENS, AND MY COSMIC OBLITERATOR! YOU'VE DESTROYED MY *HOME!*

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?!

CAN I INTEREST YOU IN A *TIME-SHARE* ON THE PLANET *JUPITER?*

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

RING DING

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DIGITAL CHAMELEON – SEPARATIONS
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WB1932

THSAY YOUR *PRAYERS*, FEATHERBALL!

TIME FOR A LITTLE *TWEET AND THSOUR* --

RRRiNNNNGG!

HOLD ON A MINUTE. GOTTA ANTHSWER MY *THCELL PHONE!*

HELLO?...OH, HI, SID.

REALLY? YOU DON'T THSAY...

NO! SHE *DIDN'T*...!

WELL, LISTHEN, I'M KIND OF IN THE MIDDLE OF THSOMETHING HERE...

YUP. CALL ME LATER. 'BYE.

NOW, WHERE WERE WE...?

RRRiNNNNGG!

OOPS! THAT'S ME!

HEWWO, TWEETY HERE!

UH HUH...

OH, THAT'S VEWWY KIND. BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE A CWEDIT CARD.

THANKS. BYE-BYE.

OKAY, PUDDY TAT! WEADY, SET...

RRRINNNGG!

RRRINNNGG!

RRRINNNGG!

RRRINNNGG!

RRRINNNGG!

RRRINNNGG!

YOU KNOW, *PWOGWESS* IS FINE --

-- BUT SOMETIMES, THE *OLD WAYS* WEAWWY ARE *BEST!*

BANG!

BOOM!

WHAM!

CRASH!

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

WB#1880

DUCK WING COMMANDER

JESSE LEON McCANN-- WRITER
WALTER CARZON-- PENCILLER
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DAVE TANGUAY-- COLORIST
DIGITAL CHAMELEON-- SEPARATIONS
HARVEY RICHARDS-- ASST. EDITOR
JOAN HILTY-- EDITOR

COMMANDER'S LOG: TESTING! TESTING! IS THIS THING *ON?*

SPACE! THE *LAST PLACE YOU'D WANNA GO...*

WE'RE LEADING A RESCUE FLEET TO A *FAR-FLUNG* GALAXY KNOWN AS THE *PHAR PHLUNG* GALAXY!

MISSION: TO SAVE A PLANET OF *SIMPLE-MINDED FARMERS* FROM THE CLUTCHES OF *EVIL-MINDED TYRANTS* DRESSED IN *BLACK LEATHER!*

WILL IT BE *DANGEROUS?* YES! WILL IT BE *DEADLY?* WHO KNOWS?! WILL MY EAGER YOUNG SPACE CADET BE *DISINTEGRATED?* WHO CARES?! FOR I'M...

DUCK DODGERS IN THE 24TH AND A HALF CENTURY!!

OUCH! I'VE *GOTTA* STOP DOING THAT!

SUDDENLY, MY STURDY SHIP IS *ROCKED* BY AN *EXPLOSION!* WHO WOULD HAVE EXPECTED AN ATTACK SO SOON? WHO WOULD HAVE EXPECTED AN ATTACK SO...*STINKY?!*

POW

POP

UNDAUNTED, I PREPARE TO MEET THE ENEMY!

SSSSSSSK-KAAASSSSSSSK! SSSSSSSK-KAAASSSSSSK!

BRING IT ON, YA *SMELLY COSMIC CREEP!*

SSSSSSSSK-KAAASSSSSSSK! YOU BURNED THE *MICROWAVE POPCORN* AGAIN, SIR!

GAH! YOU SHOULD HAVE *JETTISONED* THE GALLEY AT THE FIRST SIGN OF *TROUBLE!*

B-B-B-BUT, I WAS *IN* THE GALLEY!

OH GREAT! I'VE MISSED ALL THE *FUN* THANKS TO *YOU,* BUTTERBALL!

EVERYBODY'S *GOING HOME!*

I DON'T THINK THE BATT-... THE BATT-...THE *FIGHTING'S* OVER, *SIR! LOOK!*

POOT

POOT

POOT

INTER-GALACTIC *SPIT-WAD* DROIDS!

IT *FIGURES* THEY'D *RUN* AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A FIGHT! BUT *NOT* ME! DUCK DODGERS DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF "FEAR!"

WELL, IT'S A NOUN *AND* A VERB...

SHUT UP!

BUT, SIR! THERE'S A *5-TO-1* CHANCE WE'LL BE DISABLED WITHIN *7.25 SECONDS!*

EXACTLY *7.23 SECONDS* LATER...

HAH! YOU WERE *OFF* BY A WHOLE .02 OF A SECOND!

OUR BAFFLES AND MANIFOLDS HAVE BEEN *DISABLED!*

FRANKLY, THOSE MANIFOLDS HAVE ALWAYS *BAFFLED* ME! WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

WE'RE GOING TO CRA-...CRA-... WE'RE *TOAST!*

YAAAH!

SCREEEEECH

WHEW! GOOD THING WE RAN OUT OF *ROCKET FUEL!*

HEH! OLD GAG.

DIRECTION: SOUTH-SE

WE'RE IN LUCK! THERE'S THE *SIMPLE-MINDED FARMERS* I'M SUPPOSED TO SAVE!

TEMP: 85° C AND FAIR

WIND: NORTH-NE

EAT AT JOE'S

AND NO SIGN OF THE *EVIL-MINDED TYRANTS--*

AARGH!

DON'T *DO* THAT!

SORRY.

C'MON CHUBBY! LET'S GET GOING WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD!

BEEP BOOP

BUT, ARE YOU SURE IT'S *SAFE,* YOUR HEROSHIP?

OF *COURSE,* SILLY SPACE CADET! SAFE AS A *SATURN SUNTAN!*

B-B-BUT, COMMANDER, SIR, ACCORDING TO MY *READINGS,* YOU'RE STANDING ON A GIANT SPI-SPI-SPI-...

SPIT IT OUT, PORK PIE...AND STOP *ROCKING* THE BOAT!

...ARACHNID!

RRRAGH!

EGAD!

OW! FASTER, TUBBY! I'M GETTIN'*BEHIND* IN MY WORK!

POINK

I D-D-DON'T LIKE WHAT'S IN *FRONT* OF US, EITHER!

BUT DON'T WORRY, COMMANDER! I'LL SAVE YOU!

SHEESH! I KNOW YOU'RE MY *BIGGEST FAN,* CADET...BUT THIS IS *HARDLY* THE TIME FOR A *CUDDLE!*

ARRGH!

POOT

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR *CURLY-TAILED* MIND?!?

HAH! HOW DO YOU LIKE *THAT,* GIANT SPIDERS?

YOU'LL FALL INTO THE GORGE, WHILE WE HARMLESSLY *SMASH* INTO THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF...

SMASH INTO THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF?!?! WE'RE DOOMED!

LOOK, SIR! A CAVE!

DID I SAY DOOMED? OF COURSE I MEANT TO SAY, "WE'RE SAVED!" AFTER ALL, I ALWAYS LOOK ON THE...

...BRIGHT SIDE.

WELL, NO USE STANDING AROUND. I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT!

W-W-WAIT, SIR! LET ME PROVIDE SOME ILLUMINA-...ILLUMINA- ...SOME LIGHT!

SAY, EAGER YOUNG SPACE CADET, DO YOU FEEL A DRAFT?

THERE! THAT'S BETTER!

WAAAAAAH!

HELLLLLLLLLP!

SPLASH

SIGH

LUCKILY, I WORE MY OUTFIT WITH THE PLUNGING NECKLINE!

BOOP

ARE YOU OK-OK-OKAY, COMMANDER, SIR?

BOOP

♫ OH, I WAS WARPIN' THROUGH THE *QUARK* ONE DAY --IN THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH OF MAY!

BOY, THERE'S *NOTHIN'* LIKE A HUNDRED-FOOT DROP INTO ICE-COLD WATER TO GET THE OL' *HEART PUMPING*, EH, CADET?!

POKE POKE POKE

STOP *POKING* THE UNIFORM, HAM HOCK. YOU'LL *DENT* THE MATERIAL!

WHEW! HE'S LEAVING US ALONE...N-N-NO, COMMANDER, *DON'T!*

FLICK

LUCKILY, I'M *PREPARED* FOR SHARKS, WITH ONE OF MY NIFTY *DUCK DODGERS SHARK REPELLENT TABLETS!*

HRROWL!

AAAAGGGHH!!

MAYBE WE CAN *HIDE* BEHIND THAT *PIPE*, SIR!

DUCK DODGERS *NEVER* HIDES, CADET!

YOU HIDE, AND I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY.

HAH! HE *MISSED* US! WHAT A *SIMPLETON!* WHAT A *MAROON!* WHAT A...

OH D-D-DEAR! *NOW* WHAT DO I DO?

SUUCK

YOU'RE COMIN' WITH *ME*, SNORKEL PORKER!

GRAB

FWSSSSSSSS

WELL, PORKY, HERE'S ANOTHER *FINE MESS* YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INTO!

HA! THE OL' DUCK DODGERS *LUCK* IS STILL WITH US, CADET!

IT'S *ALL CLEAR* FROM HERE!

SPURT

THAT IS ONCE WE GET PAST THIS HALLWAY OF *DEADLY TRAPS!*

THIS WILL TAKE *STEELY* NERVES, *COSMIC* SPEED AND *CUNNING* AGILITY! YOU GO FIRST, CADET!

THAT'S IT. YOU'RE DOING FINE. PIECE OF *CAKE.*

SLICE

DICE

SMASH

AYE AYE, Y-Y-YOUR HEROSHIP, SIR!

CLANK

SLICE
CLANK
HECK, IF TUBBY CAN DO IT, THIS WILL BE A *CINCH* FOR DUCK DODGERS!
DICE
SMASH
CLANK
HA! NOTHIN' TO IT!
SMASH
A PIECE OF...
SLICE
SLICE
...CAKE.
CLUMP
OKAY, THAT'S *ENOUGH!*
FREEZE, EVIL-MINDED TYRANTS! IT IS I, *DUCK DODGERS!* YOUR EVIL DEEDS ARE AT AN END!

OOOOH! IT MAKES ME SO ANGRY WHEN WE LOSE THIS *GAME!*

IT MAKES ME *VERY, VERY* ANGRY!

WHAT TH' ....????

WELL, YOU KIDS HAVE MADE *ME* VERY, VERY ANGRY!

I TOLD YOU, NO *VIDEO GAMES* UNTIL *AFTER* YOU FINISH YOUR HOMEWORK!

YOU LEAVE ME *NO* CHOICE! IT'S INTO THE *TRASH* WITH THIS!

SAY, *WAIT A MINUTE,* PAL!

THOOM

TRASH

GRACIOUS! KIDS NOWADAYS!

WELL! THIS CERTAINLY IS A *LOUSY* WAY TO END THE ADVENT-...ADVENT-...*STORY!*

WHAT ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT? MY NOSE IS SHOVED INTO A BAG OF *BURNT POPCORN!* PEE-YEW!

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

Zatanna's **father** is lost
and her only hope of finding him
is a **top hat** and a **magic bunny!**

Zatanna and the HOUSE of SECRETS

A graphic novel for kids

Written by MATTHEW CODY Illustrated by YOSHI YOSHITANI

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LOONEY TUNES 259. May, 2021. Published bimonthly by DC Comics, 2900 W. Alameda Avenue, Burbank, CA 91505. GST # is R125921072. Contains reprint material from LOONEY TUNES 84, 91 Copyright © 2001, 2002 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. All Rights Reserved. DC LOGO is © & ™ DC Comics. The stories, characters, and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork. For Advertising and Custom Publishing contact dccomicsadvertising@dccomics.com. For details on DC Comics Ratings, visit dccomics.com/go/ratings. DC – a WarnerMedia Company.

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"